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OF BARTFOED, CORK., Watch Deal in Reliable Indomnity. Net Time Tried and Fire Tested. THE BEST IS THE CHRAPEST.

E. C. HERNDON, AGEST.

BE WHAT YOU AM. Dare's a mighty sight ob differes: 'Tween de man dat zoes eriong'Thout pradin' ob his virtues,
An' a singin' his own song,

An' de chump dat makes folks weary By a blowin' his bazoo Bout de monstrous gres 'An' de little bit ob yo'.

De firs' kin larn a lesson In de rough an' tumble school; De odder nebber kin ketch on, crkase he am a fool

Mos' folks dey know dat he am like A biadder full ob brot. An' dat if he war simmered down Dar wouldn' be much lef'. es'imember dis, deah enillun, To be jist what yo' am, 'ur de oyster's nebber tryin' to

iske folks think he's a clam.

- Mort Wood, in Marcrick. BACK TO LEPER'S LAND.

Daughter Overjoyed at Being Sent "Home."

by all men.

It is not that the gray Spanish moss, whose lugabrious festoons cover the trees and hang their funereal banners to failed. You must be good and patient, the earth, seem to whisper to the slug- as your mamma told you. Bid madame gish air: "Malaria! malaria!"

It is not because of the festering lagoons, with their green scum, broken now and then by the flat, waving head of a water moccasin, nor yet for the Father Raymond's permission, often fantastic lines, like monstrous serpents | me, not only for her beauty, but a lovtwisting around the trees, and a green, ing, sweet disposition. In looking at her, I always seemed to see, like a vast, formless, shedow hovering over her playing on the brown water of the swamp | ready to clutch the sunny hair and pools, like a witch's dance of light and levely face.

that portion of Bayou L-hideous, began to pine with homesickness. Once

He fled from his family and buried him- speak cheerfully. It was like a hymn the county or village newspaper in self in that wild region. His family of rejoicing sung by martyrs while the joined him there, either because some flames were consuming them. other member was stricken or from devotion, and one by one suc-cumbed to the fatal plague. Meantime other lepers had joined them, for at one time there was a great many lives such enjoyments as lay in their makes me sick! power. They were not forgotten by the enveloped the country of these hapless strong.'

beings, they were assisted whenever they needed assistance. One morning I was sitting on a bench the hand. They crossed the street, en- stories, and she kisses me all the time. tered the Square, and approached the Ah, mon Dieu, but that is all I want in bronze equestrian figure of the great the world! I shall die if I do not go General near which I was sitting. The back." little girl, a beautiful child she was, I soothed her convulsive sobs as well about ten years old, was looking about as I could, but again and again the same with a grave, pre-occupied air, which scene was enacted. seemed strange in one so young. Father

"What a lovely child that is, Father!" I said, when the first greeting was over. "Who is she?"

when thou art tired, and we will go leave her in her Father's hands."

The child moved slowly off, not with buoyant, light step, but heavily, and

with evident reluctance.

auburn curls, and those soft gray eyes, Leper's Land, and if the deaths increase with their long black lashes. not be sick?" The priest shook his head gravely.

"She is not sick now, but there is little of the child in that ten-year-old that has happened more than once." maiden. You will understand me when I tell von she comes from 'Leper's worse?" Land. Her father was attacked by lep-JOHN H. PIERATT, Proprietor. rosy five years ago, and his wife and with her, as it does with most. Years child followed him. Madame St. Cyr clapse while it is moving by inches. Her has reason to believe that she has con- husband is near the end, but the domitracted the disease, and, having no rela- nant idea with both is to give Marie her tives in this country, she has confided one chance of escape. Such scenes as I the child to me. She wishes to give her | go through there! Between the mother's the only chance to escape; perfect isola- agonized cry for her darling, whom yet darling, my only child; but we must give the time.' hard to be brave, but it was a pitiful do with his little charge. conrage. The father—poor wretch!— whose days are numbered, broke down utterly. He was afraid to touch his

> child or caress her, for hands and face are alike leprous, but he sank on his knees and cried aloud amidst sobs: " 'O ma petite, never to see thy sweet face again! never to hear thy voice! God help me to bear it!" "

"And poor Marie?" I asked. "How did the child bear it?"

"She clung to her mother, screaming, and refused to come. She can not un- last. derstand why she is banished. She knows, no one better, what a fearful the saddest thing. But I can not talk of certain death. disease leprosy is, and that it will it yet. She wishes to see you this evensoon kill her father, but she wants to ing. There is not the slightest danger be at home. It seems to her worse than | yet, for the disease is just beginning. death to be separated from her parents. The St. Cyrs are people of education have ample means, too, to provide for cheeks rose-tinged, looking like an in-Marie, and give her every advantage | carnation of health and happiness.

"But do you think she will escape the she cried, "I thought I would go home a hereditary taint in the family."

story I had just heard. "Are not the flowers beautiful, Marie?" I said. "And the birds and the

"I suppose the leprosy will kill me, as it does the others, and make me ugly and dreadful like poor papa. But the big yellow sunflowers in mamma's garden at home, and the red trumpet blossoms in the swamp. And they have no Spanish beard here" (Titindsia usnoides). "Ahl it was so pretty to pull it from the trees and make soft beds to

dance 'la ronde' in them. "And they dance in Leper's Land?" I whispered to the priest. He nodded silently. The child, who was not shy, went on talking gravely, and, as it seemed, more to herself than to us.

"But Elena can dance no more, you know, mon Pere. Her feet are swollen so big," helding out her hands. "Ah. There is a dreary, desolate region on I want to see her, and mamma and Bayou L-, not very far from New papa. You know, Pere Raymond, Orleans, which is shunned and dreaded mamma said may be you would have to take me back."

The priest bent his head sadly. "In one case, yes petite, but it will be because the object of the separation has

good-bye, Marie, and let us go.' After that meeting, I made it a point to see the child as often as I could. She went as a day-scholar to a convent not far from my boarding-house, and, with ugly swamp stretching back, with its stopped to see me. The child interested shadow hovering over her densely-woven branches overhead and head, the terrible specter of leprosy,

Instead of becoming more reconciled No; nature had done her part to make to the separation from her home, she but a heavier curse rests upon it. It is La terre des Lepreux (Leper's Land). Many years ago the dreaded disease me to read. The tears sometimes blindappeared on one of the French colon- ed me as I read. I could feel the menists, shortly after Louisiana was settled. tal torture through the brave effort to "But mamma will not say when I am

"No, I have read you every word; she savs nothing about it." "But I can not stay away!" she cried cases among the foreigners, and Bayou burying her face in her hands, and L- became a common refuge for bursting into a passion of tears. "I those parishs. They cultivated the dream dream all night of mamma, and ground, and took into their wretched when I wake up, oh, I cry so much, it

to come back?" Marie said to me.

"But don't you want to obey mamcharitable. Catholic priests visited ma?" I asked. "She knows if you stay them at intervals, carrying the dona- at home you will be very ill and die, tions of the pious, and though mystery and she wants you to be well and

longing as she cried: "Oh, to be sick with mamma! why, in Jackson Square, when I saw coming | madame, that would be Heaven! Look out of the cathedral the good priest, you, she takes me in her arms, and she Father Raymond, holding a little girl by rocks me like a baby, and she tells me

The child's eyes filled with passionate

"She will die of home-sickness," Raymond had been my friend from said to Pere Raymond the next time we childhood, and we were always happy met. "Leper's Land is to her a paradise, to meet, in spite of the difference in our and you will never weaken either her memory or her attachments."

The good priest raised his reverent eves to the skies. "When our own wisdom fails, why, we will have to leave "Marie St. Cyr," he answered. "Go, the matter in wiser hands. Some way then, ma petite, and look at the flowers | will be opened for the innocent little and trees. Thou wilt find me here one. We will do our duty, and safely "Are you not afraid to go among

those people?" I asked. "Afraid!" looking at me with surprise. "It is not for a priest to hold "She is not sick, is she?" I asked. | back where duty takes him. All places She looks so blooming! I never saw are good to us where we can do the Maslovelier creature, with those sunny ter's will. My allotted duties call me to She can as they have done within the past year, I will take up my abode there. It will not do for man's outcasts to die without the ministrations of God's ministers, and

"And Madame St. Cvr, is she much "No: the disease progresses slowly

"A leper, yes," he answered, sadly.

sign appeared on her arm. mond, with bent head and mournful

eyes, seemed praying to himself. "She is perfectly happy. That seems

"Of course I will come," I said.

"I am so glad you have come back!"

When I entered Marie's room she ran

"I am tired, Father," said a mild clapped her hands and laughed as I had voice; and looking back, we saw Marie. | never heard her laugh before. Did ever I held out my hand, and made her sit a mortal before rejoice at being attacked beside me. Her exquisite beauty seemed by a loathsome and fatal disease? Could almost tragic in the light of the sad the child understand what was before her? As if in answer to my thought, the said:

"I suppose the leprosy will kill me,

thought of home. A few weeks after-ward Father Raymond told me of the by a mad dog.—Lynn Item. it from the trees and make soft beds to play on. Jacques and Elena and me, we used to build real houses with it, and saw her child. When she recovered, Marie's arms were around her, Marie's kisses on her lips.

"Thou, too, my darling!" she cried: "thou, too! Oh, couldst thou not be spared the curse?" "I am glad, mamma!" Marie cried. "I am glad, for it gives me back to

"I left them thus," said Father Raymond. "In time I suppose the mother" anguish will soften, and she will see that it is best for the little one to die young. I shall be with them, for what I anticipated has come to pass. I am needed at Bayou L-, and the rest of my life will be spent among the poor

outcasts. This is my last visit to you. I parted with the good priest with a heavy heart. Three years ago he was brought to the Charity Hospital stricken with leprosy, and died in a short time. I saw a statement of the case published in the records of the hospital, my first intimation of the death of the good man. Of Marie I have heard nothing. Those who go into that mysterious Land are isolated from the rest of the world, and their terrible life-drama is wrought out without spectators. God knows how it went with the beautiful child, but I hope death soon came to her. -M. B. Williams, in Youths' Com-

ITALIAN PAPERS.

The Undeveloped State of the Daily Press of Italy. There are about two hundred daily

papers in Italy. Nothing analogous to America exists in the Italian peninsula. As for the large cities and those of the second and third class, they are amply supplied, as will appear from the following statement: There are in Milan eight, in Rome twenty-three, in Venice six, in Genoa six, in Naples seven, in Turin five, in Florence five and in Palermo three. Those in Milan are in the most reasonable proportion, for there are only eight, and the population is not far from 300.000, while the people of Lombardy are the most energetic and intelligent in Italy. The twenty-three at Rome are the anomaly. -Rome has a population of 160,000, or a little more than half that of San Francisco, yet it has three or four times the number of daily newspapers. Of these the Romano Popolo, a sort of Government organ, has a circulation of 36,000. It is intelligently edited and influential and reasonable, like most of the journals of the country, which, when they entertain ultra-republican views like the Secolo, at Milan, content themselves with mild expressions of opinion, that the public harmony may not be disturbed. The Secolo, which is said to have a circulation of 140,000, is seen everywhere in Italy and occasionally is sold at news stands in France and Spain. It has a reputation for ability and enterprise not only among its partisans but its enemies, and the manner in which it is conducted is more like that of a first-class American than any other journal in Italy. The general distribution of news- cal science. In 1839 he obtained empapers indicates the prevailing degree of intelligence in the localities where they are published. Rome being a notable exception. Naples, though having 200,000 more inhabitants than Milan, has less daily newspapers, while Palermo, a great and important city, has only three. Genoa is about the size of Rome, yet has but six dailies and an ignorant reading constituency. The greatest proportion of illiteracy is, of course, found at Naples and down through Calabria into Sicily, and here there is not only a greatly diminished circulation of newspapers, but of all kinds of literature.-Parma (Italy) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

THE ISLE OF CAPRI. An Autograph-Collecting Hermit in the

Villa of a Roman Emperor. One of our walks in the Island of Capri will take us to a very high point, on which are some ruins of the Villa of | buried very soon beneath the rivertion from the lepers. She said to me: she will not see, and the child's yearning | Tiberius, the Roman Emperor. This "It breaks my heart to part with my for her parents, my heart is wrung all gentleman, having involved himself in a great deal of trouble at home, con her a chance. Father, she must never | The next day I left New Orleans and cluded to retire to this rocky island see us again, even in our death hour. did not return for a month. A few where he would be safe from his I may have to live long, long years hours after I arrived, Father Raymond enemies, and here he lived until his without her, for leprosy kills by slow called, and my first glance at him told death, in the year 37 A. D. Capri must inches, but I bid farewell to her forever.' me something had happened. "How is have been a very different place then as I think the death agony will be more Marie?" I asked instantly, feeling as far as the manners and customs of its easily borne by the poor mother than sured that the gloom on the good priest's inhabitants are concerned. The Emthe separation from her child. She tried usually cheerful face had something to peror built no less than twelve handsome villas in various parts of the "I take her to her parents to-morrow." I island, and made all necessary arrange-"Then she is"—the word stuck in my ments to enjoy himself as much as possible. The villa which we are visiting was one of the largest, and the remains 'A few days after you left she was taken of vaulted chambers and corridors ill, but only a day or two ago the fatal show that it must have been a very fine building. A short distance There was a long silence. I could not below it is the top of a precipice, speak for my tears, and Father Ray- from which, tradition says, Tiberius used to have those persons whom he had condemned to death thrown down "How does she bear it?" I asked at into the sea. This was not an unusual and his victims must have met with a chicks in a way that ought to convince

that profession has his dwelling here. and papa. Oh, I am so glad!" and she Nicholas

PITH AND POINT.

-"Eggs are eggs now," says the grocer-as if at some other time they had been turnips, squashes or slices of boiled owl:—Chicago Journal.

-Arkansaw Traveler.

-There is a town in Austral's called

Random. A resident of the place, being absent from it, and being asked where he lived, said he "lived at Random." He was taken up as a vagrant. -N. Y. Telegram. -Dr. Schliemann believes, from the figures of women on certain vases, that corsets were in use in prehistoric Greece. This should teach our fashionable and wasp-waisted women a lesson. All the

women of prehistoric Greece who wore

corsets are now very dead .- Norristown Herald. Sophronia asks: Where and when did the phrases: "Ah there!" and "Stay there!" have their origin. At Fort Mo-Henry, dear, during the war of 1812. When the Stars and Stripes were run up the enemy said: "Ah there!" and the Americans said: "Stay there!" and they did. "And thus be it eyer," etc .-

Boston Courier. -"You enjoyed the opera, Mrs. Quickrich?" "No; I was greatly disappointed. It was a perfect fraud. The newspapers all said the tout ensemble was superb, and I went specially to see it, but there wasn't a single tout ensem-ble in the whole show. I don't believe they've got one in the company."--Chicago Tribune.

-"Well, I never knew that before, said Mrs. Gummidge, looking over the edge of her newspaper. "What's that, my dear?" asked Mr. G. "Why, that Mr. Parnell is a bachelor." "Well, you might have guessed it. He's in favor of home rule." Mrs. Gummidge was silent a long, long time, wondering just what her husband meant. Meantime Mr. Gummidge went out and sat on the doorstep like a prudent man .- Chicago News.

JAMES B. EADS.

The Early Experiments of the Famous American Engineer. When about ten years old, his father fitted for him a small workshop, and there he constructed models of sawmills, fire-engines, steamboats, steamengines, electrical and other machines. One of the pastimes of his childhood was to take in pieces and put together again the family clock, and at twelve years he was able to do the same with a patentlever watch, with no tools but his pocket-knife. When thirteen, misfortune overtook his father, and he had to withdraw from school and work his own way. His parents went to St, Louis in 1833, and he went with them. The steamer was burned in the night on the way there, and he landed barefooted and coatless, on the very spot now covered by the abutment of the great steel bridge which he designed and built. The only opening in the way of business that offered was to sell apples on the street, and by this means, for a few months, he sustained himself and assisted in supporting his mother and sisters. In time be

obtained a situation with a mercantile firm, where he remained for five years. One of the heads of the house having an excellent library, gave him access to it. and he used his opportunity well to study subjects bearing upon mechanics, machinery, civil engineering and physiployment as a clerk or purser on a Mississippi river steamer. He again made the best use of his opportunity to acquire that complete knowledge of the great river which he was afterward able to turn to such good account in the noble enterprises he so fortunately carried into effect. In 1842 he constructed a diving-bell boat to recover the cargoes of sunken steamers. This was followed with a boat of larger tonnage, provided with machinery for pumping out the sand and water and lifting the entire hull and cargo of the vessel. A company was formed to operate this device, and it soon had a business that covered the entire Mississippi river, from Balize to Galena, and even branched into some of its tributaries. By his methods, a great many valuable steamers were set afloat and restored to usefulness which it would not previously have been possible to save, as they would have been ands. It was while engage business that he gained a thorough knowledge of the laws which control the flow of silt-bearing rivers, and of the Mississippi he was able to say years afterward that there was not a stretch in its bed fifty miles long, between St. Louis and New Orleans, in which he had not stood upon the bottom of the stream beneath the shelter of the div-

ng-bell .- Popular Science Monthly. ABOUT BROODERS.

The Next Best Thing to a Good, Motherly Old Hen.

Several correspondents want directions for making a good, cheap brooder for raising a limited number of early chicks. The cheapest and best brooders for the purpose are good, motherly old hens. I know some hens will "raise Cain" with their broods, but such are the exceptions; generally speaking a large hen in method of execution with the Romans, a proper coop will care for twenty the most prejudiced incubator manufac-If any of us really desire to see a her- turer that she knows what is required mit, we can now be gratified, for one of of her. But if you feel that the "exigencies of the case" demand a home-He probably does live here all alone, but | made brooder, all you have to do is to he does not look like our ordinary ideal | get a sound box, cover it with a tank for and refinement, so their situation is the to meet me. She was positively radi- of a hermit. He will be glad to receive holding water, and keep the water hot more terrible on that account. They ant, her beautiful eyes shining, her some coppers, and also to have us write by means of a small boiler heated by a our autographs in a book which he keeps | kerosene lamp, or by drawing off the for the purpose. A hermit autograph- | cold water and filling up with hot water collector in the ruined villa of a Roman | as often as necessary. The top of the Emperor, on the top of a mountainous | tank must be covered with some nondisease?" He shrugged his shoulders. without seeing you. I won't kiss you, island in the Mediterranean, is some conductor of heat, else it will cool off "Who knows? At least her only for they say I have leprosy, and that is thing we did not expect to meet with on | more rapidly than is desirable. Under chance was this separation. It is not the reason I am going back to mamma our travels,-Frank R Stockton, in St. | the tank have strips of old flannel for the chicks to nestle in. - Prairie Farmer. | of wood.-N. Y. Sun.

CELESTIAL WIT.

A Chinese Worsen Who Was as Shrewd as Her Cauduslan Sisters.

A noted har once told a friend that he had at home three precious things: A bul-—Pse sorry fur de 'speptie person. I woul' rather hab er good stomach an' hafter go hungry all my life den to hab er bad stomach wid er full smokehouse. I lock that could run one thousand ha day, a towl which crowed at the beginning of each watch, day and night, and a dog that could read books. The triend intimated that he would lose no time in seeing with -In these days of hydrophobia it his cwu eves these marvels. The man did may be well to remark that no person | not expect this, as his house was somewho has paid for his newspapers in what distant; so he went homeand told his advance was ever known to be bitten wife that he had got caught at last, and wife that he had got caught at last, and that to-morrow the man would arrive and he would be disgraced. "Never mind," said his spouse, "leave that to me; it will be all right; only you must keep out of sight."

Next morning the visitor arrived, and, being met by the mistress, asked where her husband was. "He has gone to Pekin," she replied. "When will he be back?" "In eight or nine days." "Why, how can he be so quick?" "He has gone off on our fast bullock, and can do it easily." "I hear also you have a wonderful fowl," said the visitor, and behold, as he was speaking, a small cock crew. 'That's it," said the wife, "he crows at the beginning of each watch and also when a visitor arrives."-China



nustache dved. Barber-Certainly, my dear sir. Did you bring it with you? -Sam.

A HEARTLESS WRETCH. How He Embarrassed His Kind and Gen-

erous Landiady. Jones was eating dinner at his boardinghouse last Monday, and during his investigation of one of the dishes, he ran across a piece of postage stamp. The landlady saw him pick it out and look at it, and she began to get mad. But Jones said nothing. the piece of stamp had come. Finally, when the lady could stand it no longer, she exclaimed:

"What is the matter, Mr. Jones?" "Oh, nothing," replied that philoso-

"What are you playing in the victuals for then?" "Why, you see, my dear madam, this piece of stamp, reminded me of a letter I was expecting, and I just thought I'd prod

around this dish awhile, and see if I couldn't find the carrier and ask him about the let- the guest could not get any, while the host ter, without going to the post-office." The explanation was so full and complete that Jones had to change his boardinghouse, -- Merchant Traveler.

Cause for Dejection.

Visitor (to prison warden)-There's a with him for a long time, but couldn't lowed the greater part of the soup as it awaken any interest in him about any sub ject. He seems dead to every thing, and when I spoke to him of the future heturned upon his heel and walked away. Some dangerous criminal, likely, who committed an atrocious murder. He looks it, every

Prison Warden-Yes, his case is a very sad one. His time is almost up now, and the other day he received a letter from his wife, saving that she would be waiting for | back." him on the outside. - Ti ?- Bits.



He-1'm going to propose, Miss Edith-She (interrupting)-Oh, my, Mr. Jenkins, so sudden and in such a strange place! He (desperately)-I am going to propose that we stay here when the rest go to supper, because—because—I've left my purse at home!—Judge.

A Narrow Escape.

you away hungry, but I think you have sted without eating?" been drinking beer. Tramp (solemnly)—No, ma'am; I'll take answered the physician. my oath I never drink beer.'

Tramp (solemnly)-No, ma'am; I'll Farmer's Wife-Very well. Here's a pie. Senramouch. Tramp (to his chum on the outside) That was a narrow escape. If she'd a said gin, she'd had me!—Philadelphia Call.

Farmer's Wife-Whisky, then?

A Cautions Guest

give you a piece of hot mince pie. Tramp-Hot mince pie for breakfast! and now you are making love to another Hot mince pie on an empty stomach! Do young woman. It is a hideous outrage,"
you suppose that a man in my precarious
financial condition, madam, wants to be burdened with a doctor's bill in the dead of Siftings winter? Not much! Gimme a couple o'

THE PRECIQUE BABY



"Let him tum to his Poppy, so it was!"

A SHREWD CLERK. He Aims to Make the Guests of His Hotel Feel at Home.

The rather numerous Dakota delegation in Washington was increased by another arrival. He registered at a hotel and said to the clerk: "I may want to stay some time, can you

give me a good room?" "I think we can let you have one that

"I suppose you try to make it pleasant "Certainly, we aim to." "Of course. What I like in a hotel i something home-like." "I think we can satisfy you on that

"I hope so. Now I'll tell you; if you will

see that I am made to feel perfectly at home during my stay you sha'n't lose any O, we'll make it home-like for you. Let me see," he continued, glancing over the register, "you are from Dakota?" Yes, I'm a member of the Dakota Legis "Here!" exclaimed the clerk turning to a

bell-boy, "show this gentleman to the poker room."-Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

Knew All But Two. In a wild part of Scotland, a dealer in fish used to drive his cart a considerable distance inland. On one occasion, when passing a wild moor, where, although there did reside a schoolmaster, the knowledge of the inhabitants of affairs in general was not extensive, he dropped a lobster. Some children picked it up, and, wondering what and, laving down his knife and fork, began the strange creature could be, took it to to dig with a spoon in the dish from which the schoolmaster. The dominie put on his specs, and, turning it over and over, examined it circially. "Weel," at length said the oracle, "I ken maisto" the wonderfu animals o creation, except jist twa, and that twa I never saw. They are an elephant and a turt slove, and so this must be ane o' the twa." -Montreal Wit

The Wolf and the Crone. A Wolf having invited a Crane to dine, served the food in a shallow plate, so that lapped up an abundance with his tongue. On the next day the Crane invited the Wolf to dinner, and the lood, consisting of soup, was set out in a long-necked jar, which put it entirely out of the reach of the invited guest. But while the Crane had his head in the jar the Well knocked a hole strange man over in the corner. I talked in the bottom with a hammer and swal-

> MORAL: This Fable teaches us that we should not despise the mental resources of those who move beneath us.—Life.

Poor Consolation.

"What is the matter with you, Gus?" asked Judge Pennybunker of Gus de Smith. "I was engaged to be married to Miss Birdie McGinnis, and now she has gone

"Don't let that worry you. As pretty a girl as she is will soon find some other fellow to marry."-Texas Siftings.



Don't ask me to take that brat, Maria!"-Puck's Annual.

A Cruel Father. Smith, the father of seven ravenous children and one wife with a grand appetite, asks Dr. Bacillus:

"How is it, doctor, that, lying here for Farmer's Wife (to tramp)-I hate to turn | three weeks with typhoid fever. I have ex-

The fever has nourished you, Smith, "No. I am telling you the truth!"
"My gracious! Now, Fa like to have my

could save a little money then."-Sam, the A Powerful Excuse

whole family down with lever for a year.

"It is an outrage the way you theat as said Miss Esmerelda Longceffin to ter McGinnie.

Kind-hearted Woman (to tramp)-I can ... "How so, Miss Esmerelda?" "You have sworn to love and cherish me,

A MAN in London has been sent to prison soft-boiled eggs, and I'll bring in an armful for throwing onions at every one wearing a